

perceived, just before them, a little decrepit old man, lame and deformed, with a chain upon his leg and a heavy burden on his shoulder—"Ask him to what place he is bound," said *Reason*; Master *Headstrong* did so—"Whither do you think?" said the old man, "but to the Land of Happiness, where I certainly shall soon arrive."—"And who told you so?" demanded *Reason*. "Why the Lady of the Anchor," replied the old man; "and I can

"depend

"depend on whatever she says."—"And with these words he turned into a crossing road which led far to the left, and whither *Headstrong* was just ready to follow him, when *Reason* gave him a timely check, exclaiming, "Can you look at that man, and suppose him calculated for gaining the Land of Happiness?—Don't you know him? His name is *Misery*. He has been often flattered by the Lady of the Anchor, and he is still resolved to

"listen